

AT LONDON,
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Waterfenne.

REV

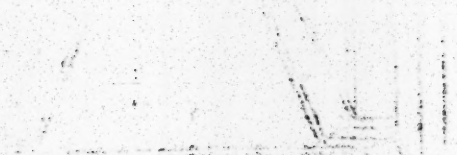
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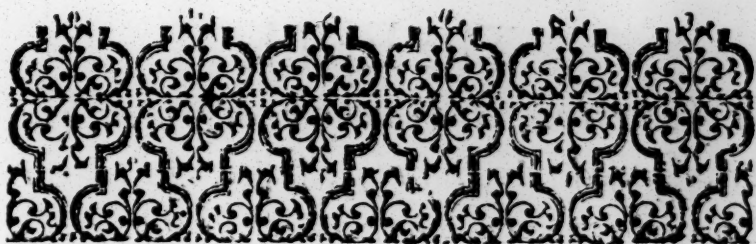
DANIEL, Daniel

STC 6253

Q. [unclear] for

2. [unclear]





TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable the Ladie *Mary*,
Countesse of Pembroke.

Right honorable, although I rather de-
sired to keep in the priuate passions of
my youth, from the multitude, as
things vttered to my selfe, and conse-
crated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the
indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some of
my secrets bewraide to the world, vncorrected:
doubting the like of the rest, I am forced to publish
that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was not
onely doone to mee, but to him whose vnmatchable
lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignorance
sparing not to commit sacriledge vpon so holy Re-
liques. Yet Astrophel, flying with the wings of his
own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-sighted can
discerne, hath registred his owne name in the An-

The Epistle

nals of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my vnboldned Muse, is forced to appeare so rarely in publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happy and iudiciall Patronesse of the Muses, (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserve them from those hidious Beastes, Obliuion, and Barbarisme. Whereby you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must suruiue your selfe. And if my lines heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your honourable fauour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer,

Samuel Danyell.

TO DELIA.

fol.1.

Sonnet I.

Vnto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runnes this poore Ryuer, charg'd with streames of zeale:
Returning thee the tribute of my duetie,
Which heere my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.

Heere I vnclasp the booke of my charg'd soule,
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care:
Heere haue I summ'd my fighes, heere I enroule
Howe they were spent for thee; Looke what they are.

Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.

Reade it sweet maide, though it be doone but flightly;
Who can shewe all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

B 1

Goe



2.

Sonnet II.

Goe wayling verse, the Infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a Mother :
Present the image of the cares I proue,
Witnesse your Fathers grieve exceeds all other.

Sigh out a story of her cruell deedes,
With inter-rupted accents of dispaire :
A Monument that whosoever reedes,
May iustly praise, and blame my louelesse Fayre.

Say her disdayne hath dried vp my blood,
And starued you, in succours still denying :
Presse to her eyes, importune me some good,
Waken her sleeping pittie with your crying,
Knock at her hard hart, beg till you haue moou'd her ;
And tell th'vnkind, how deerely I haue lou'd her.

If



Sonnet III.

fol.3.

If so it hap, this of-spring of my care,
These fatall Antheames, sad and mournfull Songes :
Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;
Let them yet sigh theyr owne, and mone my wrongs.

But vntoucht harts, with vnaffected eye,
Approch not to behold so great distresse :
Cleer-sighted you, soone note what is awry,
Whilst blinded ones mine errours neuer gesse.

You blinded soules whom youth and errours lead,
You outcast Eglets, dazled with your sunne:
Ah you, and none but you my sorrowes read,
You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath dunne.

That she hath doone, the motiue of my paine ;
Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdain.

B 2

These



4.

Sonnet IIII.

These plaintiue verse, the Posts of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slowe regarde :
Beare not report of any slender fire,
Forging a grieve to winne a fames rewarde.

Nor are my passions limnd for outward hewe,
For that no collours can depaint my forrowes :
Delia her selfe, and all the world may vewe
Best in my face, how cares hath til'd deepe forrowes.

No Bayes I seeke to deck my mourning brow,
O cleer-eyde Rector of the holy Hill :
My humble accents craue the Olyue bow,
Of her milde pittie and relenting will.

These lines I vse, t'unburthen mine owne hart ;
My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of art.

Whilst



Whilst youth and error led my wandering minde,
And set my thoughts in heedelesse wayes to range :
All vnawares a Goddesse chaste I finde,
Diana-like to worke my suddaine change.

For her no sooner had my view bewrayd,
But with disdaine to see me in that place :
With fairest hand, the sweet vnkindest maide,
Castes water-cold disdaine vpon my face.

Which turn'd my sport into a harts despaire,
Which still is chac'd, whilst I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts : set on me by my faire,
My thoughts like houndes, pursue me to my death.

Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.



Faire is my loue, and cruell as sh'is faire ;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are funny ;
Her smyles are lightning, though her pride dispaire ;
And her disdaines are gall ; her fauours hunny.

A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feete doetreade greene pathes of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vppon her :
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.

Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow :
And had she pittie to conioine with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now.

O had she not beene faire, and thus vnkinde ;
My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

O



Sonnet VII.

fol. 7.

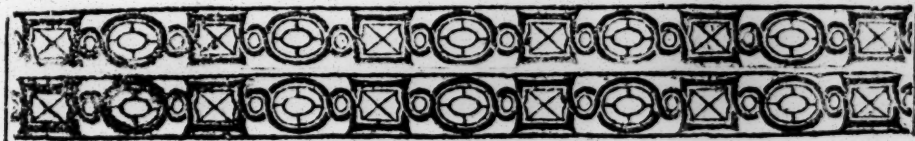
O had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes:
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And Clowdes obscure had shaded still her brightnes.

Then had no Censors eye these lynes suruaide,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine;
No sunne my blush and error had bewraide,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdaine.

Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No down-cast looke had signified my misse:
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.

For being full, should not I then haue spoken:
My sence oppress'd, had fail'd; and hart had broken.

Thou



Thou poore hart sacrific'd vnto the fairest,
 Hast sent the incens of thy sighes to heauen:
 And still against her frownes fresh vowes repayrest,
 And made thy passions with her beautie euen.

And you mine eyes the agents of my hart,
 Tolde the dumbe message of my hidden grieve:
 And oft with carefull turnes, with silent art,
 Did treat the cruell Faire to yeelde reliefe.

And you my verse the Aduocates of loue,
 Haue followed hard the proesse of my case:
 And vrg'd that tytle which dooth plainly proue,
 My faith should win, if iustice might haue place.

Yet though I see, that nought we doe can moue her,
 Tis not disdaine must make me cease to loue her.

It



Sonnet IX.

fol. 9.

If this be loue, to drawe a weary breath,
Paint on flowdes, tyll the shore crye to th'ayre:
With downward lookes, still reading on the earth;
The sad memorials of my loues despayre.

If this be loue to warre against my soule,
Lye downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue me:
The neuer-resting stone of care to roule,
Still to complaine my griefes, and none relieue me.

If this be loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart;
My pleasures, horror, Musique, tragicke notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and sorrowe at my hart.

If this be loue, to liue a liuing death;
O then loue I, and drawe this weary breath.

C I

O



O then loue I, and draw this weary breath,
 For her the cruell faire, within whose brow:
 I written find the sentence of my death,
 In vnkinde letters ; wrought she cares not how.

O thou that rul'st the confines of the night,
 Laughter-louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,
 Intenerat that hart that sets so light,
 The truest loue that euer yet was seene.

And cause her leaue to triumph in this wise,
 Vppon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart :
 That serues a trophie to her conquering eyes,
 And must theyr glory to the world impart.

Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to proue me ;
 And let her pittie if she cannot loue me.

Teares

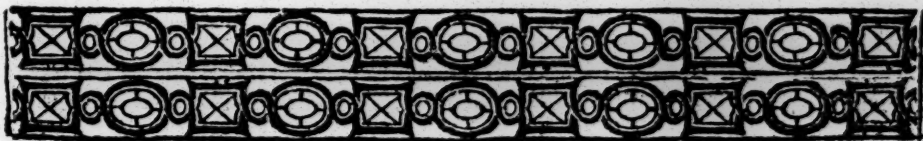


Teares, vowes and prayers, win the hardest hart :
Teares, vowes and prayers, haue I spent in vaine ;
Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.

I lose my teares, where I haue lost my loue,
I vowe my faith, where faith is not regarded ;
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue :
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Yet though I cannot win her will with teares,
Though my soules Idoll scorneth all my vowes ;
Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares :
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes.

Yet will I weepe, vowe, pray to cruell shee ;
Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts, and yeelds we see.



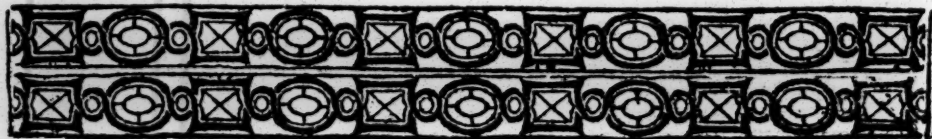
My spotlesse Loue hoouers with white winges,
About the temple of the proudest frame :
Where blaze those lightes fayrest of earthly things,
Which cleere our clowded world with brightest flame.

M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can giue me :
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieue me.

For she that can my hart imparadize,
Holdes in her fayrest hand what deereft is :
My fortunes wheele's the cyrcle of her eyes,
Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.

All my liues sweete consists in her alone,
So much I loue the most vnlouing one.

Behold



Sonnet XIII.

fol.13.

Beholde what hap *Pigmaleon* had to frame,
And carue his proper griefe vpon a stone:
My heaue fortune is much like the same,
I worke on Flint, and that's the cause I mone.

For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires,
I figured on the Table of my harte:
The fayrest forme, the worldes eye admires,
And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toile, to change the marble brest
Of her, whose sweetest grace I doe adore:
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
Hard is her hart and woe is me therefore.

O happie he that ioy'd his stone and arte;
Vnhappie I to loue a stony harte.

C 3

Those



Those amber locks, are those same nets my deere,
Wherewith my libertie thou didst surprize:
Loue was the flame, that fired me so neere,
The dart transpearfing, were those Chrifall eyes.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame;
Deepe is the wounde, my fighes doe well report:
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praife the same,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this fort.

And lift not feeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bonde, the flame, the wound that feftreth fo;
By knife, by liquor, or by falue to deale:
So much I please to perrish in my wo.

Yet least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
Good *Delia* lose, quench, heale me now at length.

If



If that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire :
If hunger-staruē thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoake, and cherisht but with fire.

And if a browe with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken ;
To her that sits in my thoughts Temple fainted,
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open.

If I haue doone due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighes still tending on her name :
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And she th'vnkindest maide still scornes the same.
Let this suffice, the world yet may see ;
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must be.

Happy

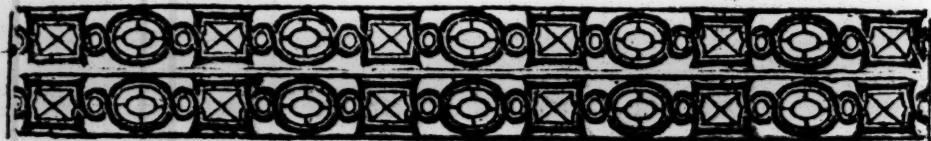


Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
 Imbracing clowdes by night, in day time morne :
 All things I loath saue her and mine owne anguish,
 Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.

Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,
 Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit :
 So many vowes and prayers euer made I,
 That now at length t'yeelde, meere pittie were it.
 But still the *Hydra* of my cares renuing,
 Reuiues newe sorrowes of her fresh disdaining ;
 Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing :
 Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.

Waile all my life, my griefes doe touch so neerely,
 And thus I liue, because I loue her deerely.

Since



Since the first look that led me to thy error,
 To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending:
 Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,
 The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.

Yet cannot leaue her loue that holdes me hatefull,
 Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me:
 See what reward he hath that serues th'vngratefull,
 So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.

Still must I whet my young desires abated,
 Vppon the Flint of such a hart rebelling;
 And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
 Shee yeeldes no place at all for pitties dwelling.

Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
 And that with teares, yet all this will not moue her.

D.

Restore



Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
 Yeelde *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue;
 Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
 And to th' Orient doe thy Pearles remoue.

Yeelde thy hands pride vnto th' yuory white,
 T' *Arabian* odors gyue thy breathing sweete:
 Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
 To *Thetis* gyue the honor of thy feete.

Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resign'd,
 And thy sweet voyce giue backe vnto the Spheares:
 But yet restore thy fearece and cruell minde,
 To *Hyrcean* Tygers, and to ruthles Beares.

Yeelde to the Marble thy hard hart againe;
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

If



Sonnet XIX.

fol.19.

If Beautie thus be clowded with a frowne,
That pittie shynes no comfort to my blis:
And vapors of disdaine so ouer-growne,
That my liues light thus wholly darkned is.

Why should I more molest the world with cries?
The ayre with sighes, the earth below with teares?
Since I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane, her dainty cares.

If I haue lou'd her deerer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And still must hold her deere till after death.
And if that all this cannot moue a whit;

Yet let her say that she hath done me wrong,
To vse me thus and know I lou'd so long.

D 2

Come



Come death the Anchor-hold of all my thoughts,
 My last Resort whereto my soule appealeth;
 For all too long on earth my fancy dotes,
 Whilst my best blood my young desires sealeth.

That hart is now the prospectiue of horror,
 That honored hath the cruellst faire that lyueth:
 The cruellst faire, that sees I languish for her,
 Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.

This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
 To treade me downe with foote of her disgrace:
 Whilst I did build my fortune in her eyes,
 And layde my liues rest on so faire a face;
 That rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,
 So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall.

These



These sorrowing sighes, the smoakes of mine annoy,
 These teares, which heate of sacred flame distils;
 Are these due tributes that my faith doth pay
 Vnto the tyrant; whose vnkindnes kills.

I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeeres,
 At her proude feete, and she respects not it:
 My flowre vntimely's withred with my teares,
 And winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit.

Shee thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
 And so with lookes prolongs my long-lookt ease:
 As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,
 Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.

Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
 Once let her loue indeede, or eye me neuer.



Falſe Hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe ;
Traytours to me and faithfull to my loue :
A thouſand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.

Oft when I find in her no trueth at all,
I baniſh her, and blame her trecherie :
Yt ſoone againe I muſt her backe recall,
As one that dyes without her companie.

Thus often as I chaſe my Hope from me,
Straight way ſhe haſtes her vnto *Delias* eyes :
Fed with ſome pleaſing looke there ſhall ſhe be,
And ſo ſent backe and thus my fortune lyes.

Lookes feede my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine ;
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is my paine.

Looke



Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to morne,
From care to care that leades a life so bad ;
Th'Orphan of fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clowded brow dooth make my daies so sad.

Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe,
Loathsome their daies, whom no sunne euer ioyde :
Her fairest eyes doe penetrate so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyde.

But since the sweetest roote dooth yeeld thus much,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part :
I loue th'effect for that the cause is such,
Ile praise her face, and blame her flintie hart.

Whilst that we make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdain, and me for louing thus.

Oft



Oft and in vaine my rebell thoughts haue ventred,
 To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart.
 And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,
 Hoping thereby to free my better part.

And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,
 Where my harts thiefe, to vex me, made her choice:
 And thether all my forces doe transport,
 An other passage opens at her voice.

Her voice betrayes me to her hand and eye:
 My freedoms tyrants conquering all by arte:
 But ah, what glory can she get thereby,
 With three such powers to plague one silly hart.

Yet my soules soueraigne, since I must resigne;
 Raigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Raigne



Sonnet XXV.

fol.25.

Raigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare voice,
Possesse me whole, my harts triumuerate:
Yet heauie hart to make so hard a choise,
Of such as spoyle thy poore afflicted state.

For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe:
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeelde me nought that giues them their renowne.

When backe I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stande:
And see my fortune euer like to last,
Finding me rain'd with such a heauie hand;
What can I doe but yeeld, and yeeld I doo,
And serue all three, and yet they spoyle me too.

E.

Whilst



Whilst by her eyes pursu'd, my poore hart flew it,
Into the sacred bosome of my dearest:
She there in that sweet sanctuary flew it,
Where it presum'd his safetie to be nearest.

My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes signed:
In all which time she neuer could suspect it,
For well she saw my loue, and how I pined.

And yet no comfort would her brow reueale me,
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth:
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale me?
Ladies and tyrants, neuer lawes respecteth.

Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen;
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

Still



Sonnet XXVII.

fol.27.

Still in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceaselesse cares must march on to my death:
Thy least regarde too deerely haue I bought,
Who to my comfort neuer deign'ſt a breath.

Why ſhould'ſt thou ſtop thine eares now to my cries,
Whose eyes were open ready to oppreſſe me?
Why ſhutt'ſt thou not the cauſe whence all did riſe,
Or heare me now, and ſeeke how to redreſſe me.

Iniurious *Delia*, yet Ile loue thee ſtill,
Whilſt that I breath in ſorrow of my ſmart:
Ile tell the world that I deſeru'd but ill,
And blame my ſelfe for to excuſe thy hart.

Then iudge who ſinnes the greater of vs twaine:
I in my loue, or thou in thy diſdaine.

E 2

Of



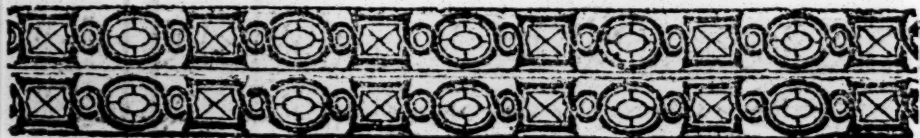
Oft doe I muse, whether my *Delias* eyes
 Are eyes, or els two faire bright starres that shine:
 For how could nature euer thus deuise,
 Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.

Starres sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
 And calme and Tempest followe their aspects:
 Their sweet appearing still such powre inspires,
 That makes the world admire so strange effects.

Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
 Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart:
 Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,
 In endles errors whence I cannot part.

Starres then, not eyes, moue yet with milder view,
 Your sweet aspect on him that honours yow.

To



Sonnet XXXI.

fol. 29.

To M. P.

Like as the spotlesse *Ermelin* distrest,
Circumpass'd round with filth and lothsome mud:
Pines in her griefe, imprisoned in her nest,
And cannot issue forth to seeke her good.

So I inuiron'd with a hatefull want,
Looke to the heauens, the heauens yeelde forth no grace,
I search the earth, the earth I finde as skant,
I view my selfe, my selfe in wofull case.

Heauen nor earth will not, my selfe cannot worke
A way through want to free my soule from care:
But I must pine, and in my pining lurke,
Least my sad lookes bewray me how I fare.

My fortune mantled with a clowde s'obscure,
Thus shades my life so long as wants endure.

E 3

My



My cares draw on mine euerlasting night,
In horrors fable clowdes sets my liues sunne:
My liues sweet sunne, my deereft comforts light,
Will rise no more to me, whose day is dunne.

I goe before vnto the Mirtle shades,
To attend the presence of my worlds Deere:
And there prepare her flowres that neuer fades,
And all things fit against her comming there.

If any aske me why so soone I came,
Ile hide her sinne, and say it was my lot,
In life and death Ile tender her good name,
My life nor death shall neuer be her blot.

Although this world may seeme her deede to blame:
Th' *Elisean* ghosts shall neuer know the same.

The



The starre of my mishap impos'd this payning,
To spend the Aprill of my yeeres in wayling,
That neuer found my fortune but in wayning,
With still fresh cares my present woes assayling.

Yet her I blame not, though she might haue blest me,
But my desires wings so high aspiring;
Now melted with the sunne that hath posselt me,
Downe doe I fall from off my high desiring.

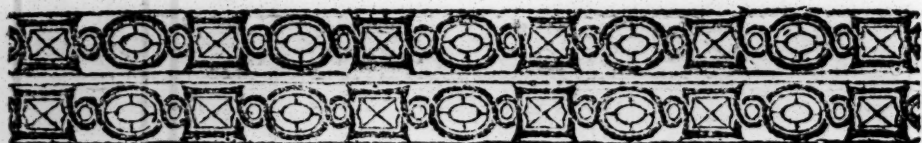
And in my fall doe cry for mercy speedie,
No pittying eye lookes backe vpon my mourning:
No helpe I find when now most fauour neede I,
Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning.

And this my death shall christen her a new,
And giue the cruell Faire her title dew.

Ray-



Rayſing my hopes on hilles of high deſire,
 Thinking to ſcale the heauen of her hart:
 My ſlender meanes preſum'd too high a part;
 Her thunder of diſdaine forſt me retire;
 And thr ew mee downe to paine in all this fire,
 Where loe I languish in ſo heauie ſmart,
 Becauſe th' attempt was farre aboue my art:
 Her pride brook'd not poore ſoules ſhould come ſo nye her.
 Yet I proteſt my high aſpyring will,
 Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right:
 Her ſoueraignty ſhould haue remained ſtill,
 I onely ſought the bliſſe to haue her ſight,
 Her ſight contented thus to ſee mee ſpill,
 Fram'd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.



O why doth *Delia* credite so her glasse,
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skyes:
And dooth not rather looke on him(alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murthering eyes.

The broken toppes of loftie trees declare,
The fury of a mercy-wanting storme:
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vppon my selfe you best may finde the forme.

Then leaue your glasse, and gaze your selfe on mee,
That Mirrour shewes what powre is in your face:
To view your forme too much, may daunger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flowre in such a case.

And you are chang'd, but not t'a *Hiacint*;
I feare your eye hath turn'd your hart to flint.

F

I



I once may see when yeeres shall wrecke my wronge,
 When golden haire shall chaunge to siluer wyer:
 And those bright rayes, that kindle all this fyre
 Shall faile in force, their working not so stronge.

Then beautie, now the burthen of my song,
 Whose glorious blaze the world dooth so admire;
 Must yeelde vp all to tyrant Times desire:
 Then fade those flowers which deckt her pride so long.

When if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,
 Which then presents her winter-withred hew;
 Goe you my verse, goe tell her what she was;
 For what she was she best shall finde in you.

Your fire heate lets not her glorie passe,
 But Phenix-like shall make her liue anew.

Looke

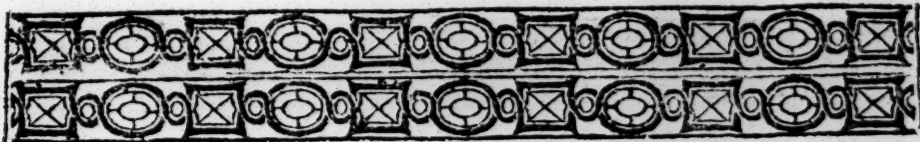


Looke *Delia* how wee steeme the half-blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush and Summers honor:
Whilst in her tender Greene she doth inclose
The pure sweete beautie, Time bestowes vppon her.

No sooner spreades her glorie in the ayre,
But straight her ful-blowne pride is in declining;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre:
So cloudes thy beautie after fayrest shining.

No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whose blooming grace adornes thy glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.

O let not then such riches waste in vaine;
But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.



But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lappe with flowres;
Now whilst thy Beautie beares without a stain;
Now vse thy Summer smiles, ere winter lowres.

And whilst thou spread'st vnto the ryfing funne,
The fairest flowre that euer sawe the light:
Nowe ioye thy time before thy sweete be dunne,
And *Delia*, thinke thy morning must haue night.

And that thy brightnes sets at length to west,
When thou wilt close vp that which now thou shouest:
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall hide it most, and couer lowest.

Men doe not wey the stalke for that it was,
When once thy finde her flowre, her glory passe.

When



Sonnet XXXVII. fol. 37.

VWhen men shall finde thy flowre, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone :
Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,
That telles the trueth, and saies that all is gone.

Fresh shalt thou see in mee the woundes thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in mee the heate remayning:
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy wayning.

The world shall finde this myracle in mee,
That fire can burne, when all the matter's spent :
Then what my faith hath beene thy selfe shalt see,
And that thou wast vnkinde thou maist repent.

Thou maist repent, that thou hast scorn'd my teares,
When winter snowes vppon thy golden heares.



VVhen winter snowes vppon thy golden heares,
 And frost of age hath nipt thy flowers neere:
 When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,
 And all lyes withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I heare present thee,
 Limned with a Penfill not all vnworthy:
 Heere see the giftes that God and nature lent thee;
 Heere read thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee.

This may remaine thy lasting monument,
 Which happilie posteritie may cherish:
 These collours with thy fading are not spent;
 These may remaine, when thou and I shall perish.

If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby;
 They will remaine and so thou canst not dye.

Thou



Sonnet XXXIX.

fol. 39.

Thou canst not dye whilst any zeale abounde
In feeling harts, that can conceiue these lines:
Though thou a *Laura* hast no *Petrarch* founde,
In base attire, yet cleerely Beautie shines.

And I, though borne within a colder clime,
Doe feelee mine inward heate as great I know it:
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well though he could better show it.

But I may ad one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the fayrest Ile:
And if my penne could more inlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.

For though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

O



O be not grieu'd that these my papers should,
 Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
 Or that my wits haue shewed the best they coulde,
 The chastest flame that euer warmed hart,

Thinke not sweete *Delia*, this shall be thy shame,
 My Muse should sound thy praise with mournfull warble:
 How many liue, the glory of whose name,
 Shall rest in yce, when thine is grau'd in Marble.

Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,
 Vnburied in these lines reseru'd in purenes;
 These shall intombe those eyes, that haue redeem'd
 Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.

Although my carefull accents neuer mou'd thee;
 Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

Delia



Sonnet XLI.

fol. 41.

Delia, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walles the which ambition reared,
To checke the world, how they intombd haue lyen
Within themselues; and on them ploughes haue eared.

Yet found I that no barbarous hand attaynde,
The spoyle of fame deseru'd by vertuous men:
Whose glorious actions luckely had gainde,
Th' eternall Annals of a happie pen.

Why then though *Delia* fade, let that not moue her,
Though time doe spoyle her of the fayrest vaile
That euer yet mortallitie did couer;
Which must instarre the needle and the Rayle,
That grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t'in-woman;
Dooth thee vnto eternitie assommon.

G

Faire



Faire and louely maide, looke from the shore,
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues:
Poore soule quite spent, whose force can doe no more,
Now send forth hopes, for now calme pittie saues.

And wafte him to thee with those louelie eyes,
A happy conuoy to a holy lande:
Now shew thy powre, and where thy vertue lyes,
To saue thyne owne stretch out the fairest hand.

Stretch out the fairest hand a pledge of peace,
That hand that dartes so right and neuer misses:
Ile not reuenge olde wrongs, my wrath shall cease;
For that which gaue me woundes, Ile giue it kisses.

Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

Reade



Sonnet XLIII.

fol.43.

Reade in my face a volume of despayres,
The wayling Iliads of my tragicke wo ;
Drawne with my blood, and printed with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that *I* haue honour'd so.

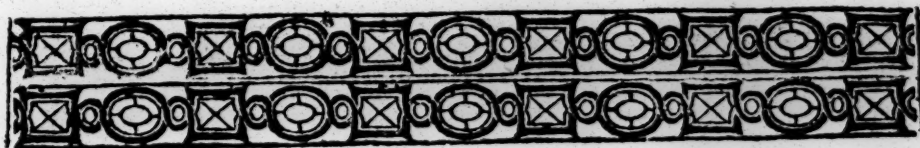
Who whilst *I* burne, she sings at my soules wrack,
Looking a loft from Turret of her pride:
There my soules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
Of her owne seate, whereof *I* made her guide.

There doe these smoakes that from affliction ryse,
Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame:
A Sacrifize thrice gratefull to her eyes,
Because their powre serue to exact the same.

Thus ruines she, to satisfie her will ;
The Temple, where her name was honour'd still.

G 2

My



My *Cynthia* hath the waters of mine eyes,
 The ready handmaydes on her grace attending:
 That neuer fall to ebbe, nor euer dryes,
 For to their flowe she neuer graunts an ending.

Th' Ocean neuer did attende more duely,
 Vpon his Soueraignes course, the nights pale Queene:
 Nor paid the impost of his waues more truely,
 Then mine to her in trueth haue euer beene.

Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
 Where beate these teares with zeale, and fury dryueth:
 And yet I rather languish in her loue
 Then I woulde ioye the fayrest she that lyueth.

I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
 As nowe I taste in compasse of complayning.

Howe



Howe long shall I in mine affliction morne,
A burthen to my selfe, distress'd in minde:
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out despayre wherein they liue confin'd.

When shall her troubled browe, charg'd with disdaine,
Reueale the treasure which her smiles impart:
When shall my fayth the happinesse attaine,
To breake the yce that hath congeald her hart.

Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue dooth sommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue:)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue.

I knowe she cannot but must needes confesse it,
Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'expresse it.



Beautie, sweet loue, is like the morning dewe,
Whose short refresh vppon the tender greene:
Cheeres for a time but till the Sunne doth shew,
And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.

Soone dooth it fade that makes the fayrest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose:
The hew which thou so carefully doost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.

When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth:
When time hath made a passport for thy feares,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.

But ah no more, thys hath beene often tolde,
And women grieue to thinke they must be olde.



I must not grieue my Loue, whose eyes would reede,
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile:
Flowers haue a time before they come to seede,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.

Ah sport sweet Maide in season of these yeares,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the sweetest blossomes first appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten foorth smiles to cleere the clowded ayre,
And calme the tempest which my sighes doe rayse:
Pittie and smiles doe best become the fayre,
Pittie and smiles shall yeeld thee lasting prayse.

I hope to say when all my griefes are gone,
Happie the hart that sigh'd for such a one.

Drawne



48.

Sonnet XLVIII.

Drawne with th'attractive vertue of her eyes,
My toucht hart turnes it to that happie cost:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lyes,
The leuell of my hopes desired most.

There where my *Delia*, fayrer then the sunne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world now smileth:
Ioyes in that honour which her beauty wonne,
Th'eternall volume which her fame compyleth.

Florish fayre *Albion*, glory of the North,
Neptunes darling helde betweene his armes:
Deuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himselfe: defended from all harmes.

Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee;
And Muse-foe *Mars*, abroade farre fostred bee.

Care-



Sonnet XLIX.

fol.49.

Care-charmer sleepe, sonne of the Sable night,
 Brother to death, in silent darknesse borne:
 Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
 With darke forgetting of my cares returne.

And let the day be time enough to morne,
 The shipwracke of my ill-aduentred youth:
 Let waking eyes suffice to wayle theyr scorne,
 Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th'ymagery of our day desires,
 To modell foorth the passions of the morrow:
 Neuer let ryding Sunne approue you lyers,
 To adde more griefes to aggrauate my sorrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine;
 And neuer wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

H

Let



Let others sing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words :
Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records ;
But I must sing of thee and those fayre eyes,
Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'vnborne shall say, loe where she lyes,
Whose beautie made him speake that els was dombe.

These are the Arkes the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name against olde age,
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the darke and times consuming rage.

Though th'error of my youth they shall discouer,
Suffice, they shew I liu'd and was thy louer.

Like



Like as the Lute that ioyes or els dislikes,
As is his arte that playes vpon the same:
So sounds my Muse according as she strikes,
On my hart strings high tun'd vnto her fame.

Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wise,
A wailing deskant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports giue honour to her eyes.

Els harsh my stile, vntunable my Muse,
Hoarse foundes the voice that prayseth not her name:
If any pleasing relish heere I vse,
Then iudge the worlde her beautie giues the same.

O happie ground that makes the musique such,
And blessed hand that giues so sweete a touch.



None other fame myne vnambitious Muse,
Affected euer but t'eternize thee :

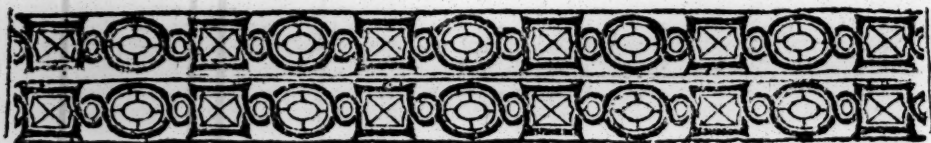
All other honours doe my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentarie bee.

For God forbid I should my papers blot,
With mercynary lines, with seruile pen :
Praying vertues in them that haue them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.

No no my verse respects nor Thames nor Theaters,
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great :
But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,
Shall haue my songe where *Delia* hath her seate.

Auon shall be my Thames, and she my Song ;
Ile sound her name the Ryuer all along.

Vnhappy



Vnhappie pen and ill accepted papers,
That intimate in vaine my chaste desiers,
My chaste desires the euer burning tapers,
Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fiers.

Celestiall fiers and vnrespecting powers,
That deigne not viewe the glory of your might:
In humble lines the worke of carefull howers,
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.

But sith she scornes her owne, this rests for me,
Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
And so content me that her frownes should be
To my infant stile the cradle, and the graue.

What though my selfe no honour get thereby,
Each byrd sings t'her selfe, and so will I.



Loe heere the impost of a faith vnfayning,
That loue hath paide, and her disdaine extorted:
Beholde the message of my iust complaining,
That shewes the world how much my grieve imported.

These tributary plaints fraught with desire
I sende those eyes the cabinets of loue;
The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth,
Pensue alone, none but dispaire about mee;
My ioyes abortiue, perisht at their birth,
My cares long liu'de, and will not dye without mee.

This is my state, and *Delias* hart is such;
I say no more, I feare I saide too much.

FINIS.



An Ode.

fol.55.

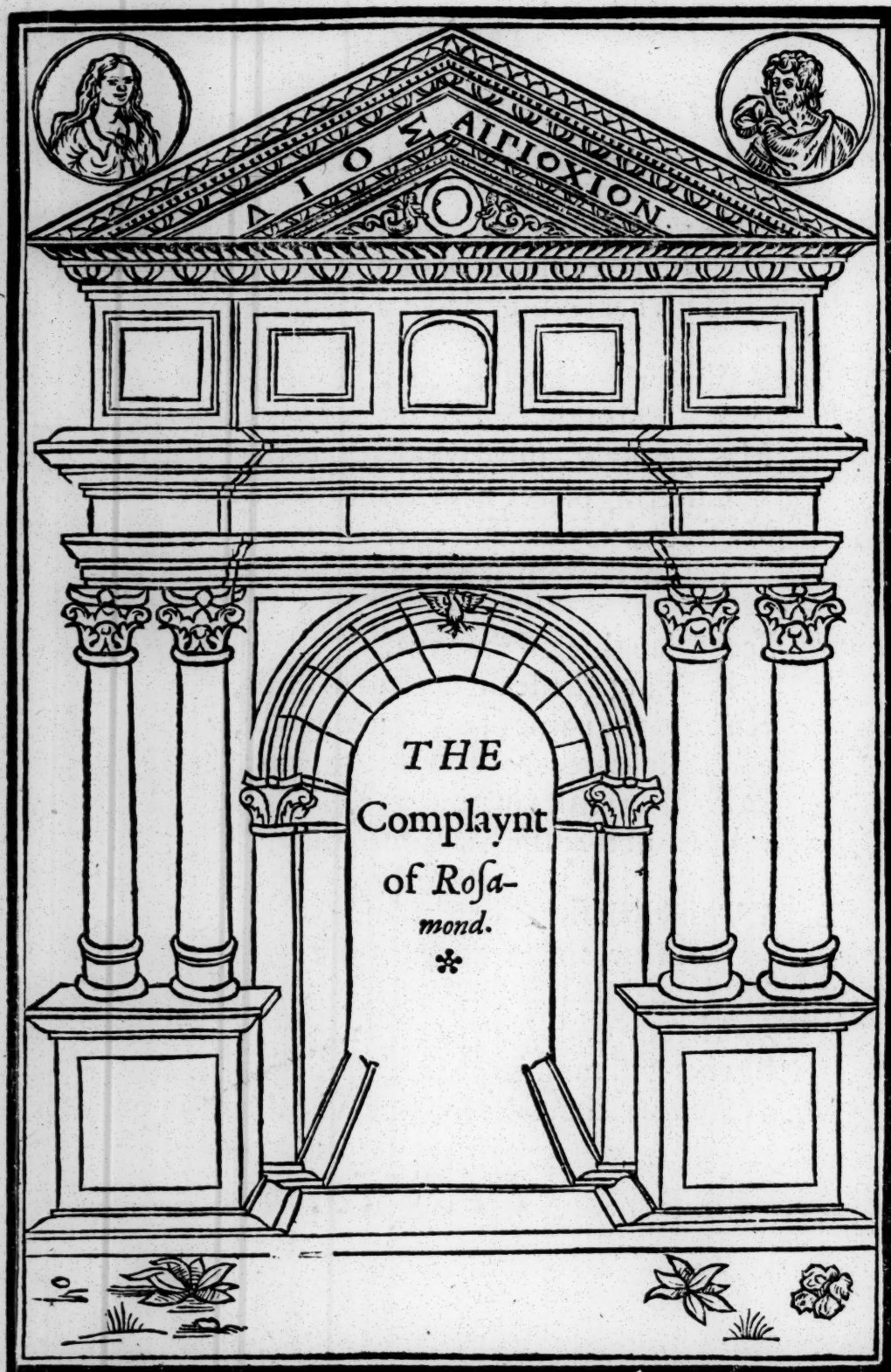
Nowe each creature ioyes the other,
 Passing happy dayes and howers :
One bird reports vnto another,
 In the fall of siluer showers,
Whilst the earth our common mother,
 Hath her besome deckt with flowers.

VWhilst the greatest torch of heauen,
 VVith bright rayes warmes *Floras* lappe :
Making nights and dayes both euen,
 Cheering plants with fresher sappe :
My field of flowers quite bereauen,
 VVants refresh of better happe.

Eccho daughter of the ayre,
 Babbling gheste of Rocks and Hills,
Knowes the name of my scarce Fayre,
 And foundes the accents of my ill:
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
 VVhilst that she her Louer kills.

VWhilst that she O cruell Maide,
 Doth me, and my loue despise :
My liues florish is decayde
 That depended on her eyes :
But her will must be obaide,
 And well he'endes for loue who dyes.

FINIS.



THE COMPLAYNT OF fol.57.
ROSAMOND.

O V T from the horror of infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes heere to plaine it:
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot where with my kinde, and youth did staine it:
My body found a graue where to containe it,
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denyed,
Her transport to the sweet Elisian rest,
The ioyfull blisse for ghosts repurified,
Th'euerspringing Gardens of the blest,
Caron denies me wastage with the rest.

And sayes my soule can neuer passe the Riuer,
Till louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe; for how should I
Procure thys sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worne out the memorie,
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing:
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
Each penne dooth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
Whilst others are preferd, though farre more base:
Shores vvife is grac'd, and pass'es for a Saint;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint;
Her wel-told tale did such compassion finde,
That she is pass'd, and *I* am left behind.

VVhich seene vvith griefe, my miserable ghost,
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile,
VVhich whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile)
Comes to sollicit thee, since others faile,
To take this taske, and in thy vvofull song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although *I* know thy iust lamenting Muse,
To yld in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse,
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia

Delia may hap to deygne to read our storie,
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,
Whose merit vvould suffice for both our glorie,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd, and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best;
Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is lead,
To ioy the liuing and to blesse the dead.

So I through beautie made the wofull'st wight,
By beautie might haue comfort after death:
That dying fayrest, by the fairest might
Finde life aboue on earth, and rest beneath:
She that can blesse vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muse to doe her best.
That thereby thou maist ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said: forthwith mou'd with a tender care
And pittie, vvhich my selfe could neuer find:
What she desir'd, my Muse deugn'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldlie tell her mind:
And I more willing tooke this charge assignd,
Because her griefes were vvorthie to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

The complaint

Then write quoth shee the ruine of my youth,
Report the down-fall of my slippry state :
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others, what I learnt too late :
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them tis forbidden.

For whilst the sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
That euer yet imperious beautie tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get :
But this faire morning had a shamefull set ;
Disgrace darkt honour, sinne did cloude my brow,
As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I staind was good and of the best,
My birth had honour and my beautie fame :
Nature and Fortune ioynd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the same :
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concur'd to make me happie furst,
That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happy

Happy liu'd I whilst Parents eye did guide,
The indiscretion of my feeble wayes:
And Country home kept me from being eyde,
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest dayes;
Till that my friendes mine honour sought to rayse,
To higher place, which greater credite yeeldes,
Deeming such beauty was vnfit for feeldes.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes:
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd;
There where I lost the Flowre which honour keepe;
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes;
Ah me poore wench, on this vnhappy shelte
I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth
With rarest prooffe of beautie euer seene:
When my reuyuing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had powre to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene:
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

The complaint

For age I saw, though yeeres with cold conceit,
 Congeald their thoughts against a warme desire:
 Yet sigh their want, and looke at such a baite,
 I sawe how youth was waxe before the fire:
 I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lire,
 Yet well perceiu'd how Fortune made me then,
 The enuy of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,
 Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to beholde it:
 Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing,
 Makes silent listning vnto him that tolde it:
 So did my speech when rubies did vnfold it;
 So did the blasing of my blush appeere,
 T'amaze the world, that holdes such sights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, fayre enchaunting good,
 Sweet silent rethorique of perswading eyes:
 Domb eloquence, whose powre doth moue the blood,
 More then the words, or wisedome of the wise:
 Still harmonie, whose diapason lyes
 Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
 To rauish sence, and play a world in loue.

What

What might I then not doe whose powre was such?
 What cannot women doe that knowe theyr powre?
 What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
 How blisse or bale lyes in theyr laugh or lowre?
 Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
 Whilst nature decks her with her proper fayre (th'arye.
 Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each sight, sweetens

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,
 No borrowed blush which banck-rot beauties seeke:
 The newfound shame, a sinne to vs vnknowne,
 Th'adulterate beautie of a falsed cheeke:
 Vilde staine to honor and to women eeke,
 Seeing that time our fading must detect,
 Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impiety of times, chastities abator,
 Falshood, wherein thy selfe, thy selfe deniest:
 Treason, to counterfeit the seale of nature,
 The stampe of heauen, impressed by the hyest.
 Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lyeest,
 Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wise,
 And all that honours thee idolatrise.

Farre

The complaint

Farre was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,
When simple beautie was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest :
This was the pompe where with my youth was blest ;
 These were the weapons which mine honour wunne
 In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne.

Which were not small, I wrought on no meane obiect ;
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obaide mee :
Whom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
Who did commaund the Land, most humbly praid mee:
Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd mee,
 Found well by prooffe the priuiledge of Beautie,
 That it had powre to counter-maund all duetie.

For after all his victories in Fraunce,
Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes :
Vnmach'd by sword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter warres within his bosome breeds :
Warres whom whole Legions of desires feedes,
 Against all which my chastity opposes,
 The fielde of honour, vertue neuer loses.

No armour might be founde that could defend,
 Transpearcing rayes of Christall-pointed eyes:
 No stratagem, no reason could amend,
 No not his age; yet old men should be wise:
 But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lyes;
 Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
 For all are men, and all haue suckt theyr Mothers.

Who would haue thought, a Monarch would haue euer
 Obayed his handmaid of so meane a state;
 Vultur ambition feeding on hys lyuer,
 Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date:
 But happe comes neuer or it comes to late,
 For such a dainty which hys youth found not,
 Vnto hys feeble age dyd chance alot.

Ah fortune, neuer absolutely good,
 For that some crosse still counterchecks our luck:
 As heere beholde th'incompatible blood,
 Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck:
 Whose lothing, we from natures brests doe suck,
 As opposite to what our blood requires;
 For equall age doth equall like desires.

K.

But

The complaint

But mighty men in highest honor sitting,
 Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
 Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
 May not be suffred once to thinke the'are old:
 Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre,
 The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defect,
 For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eyes:
 H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
 Of maiestie whereon his state relyes:
 And now of loues, and pleasures must deuise.
 For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and sit'h,
 And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
 So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires:
 My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer,
 The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
 Flester priz'd then chastities attires,
 Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adornes,
 Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And

And safe mine honor stood till that in truth,
 One of my sexe, of place, and nature bad:
 Was set in ambush to intrap my youth,
 One in the habit of like traitly clad,
 One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.

A seeming Matrone, yet a sinfull Mouster,
 As by her words the chafter sort may conster.

Shee set vpon me with the smootheft speech,
 That Court and age could cunningly deuise:
 Th'one autentique made her fit to teach,
 The other learnt her how to subtellife:
 Both were enough to circumuent the wise.

A document that well may teach the sage,
 That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (saith she) behold thy happy chaunce,
 That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
 Whereby thou maist thy honor great aduaunce,
 Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
 Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,

T'oppose thy selfe against thine owne good fortune,
 That points thee out, and seemes thee to importune.

The complaint

Dooſt thou not ſee how that thy King thy *Loue*,
 Lightens forth glory on thy darke eſtate:
 And ſhowres downe gold and treaſure from aboue,
 Whiſt thou dooſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy fate:
 Eye fondling ſie, thou wilt repent too late
 The error of thy youth; that canſt not ſee
 What is the fortune that dooth follow thee.

Thou muſt not thinke thy flowre can alwaies flouriſh,
 And that thy beautie will be ſtill admired:
 But that thoſe rayes which all theſe flames doe nourish,
 Canceled with Time, will haue their date expyred,
 And men will ſcorne what now is ſo deſired:
 Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
 Which flouriſh now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
 The wrack of yeeres vpon my aged brow:
 I haue beene fayre, I muſt confeſſe the truth,
 And ſtoode vpon as nice reſpects as thou;
 I loſt my tyme, and I repent it now;
 But were I to beginne my youth againe,
 I would redeeme the time I ſpent in vaine.

But

But thou hast yeeres and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare beauties great seale:
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale:
Esteeme not fame more then thou doost thy weale,
Fame, wherof the world seemes to make such choyce:
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voyce.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginary lists of reputation?
Titles which cold seueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion, customes relation;
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the fayre,
To leaue the sweet for Castles in the ayre.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue rep'd the glory they had sowne,
And many haue it, yet vnworthy knowne.

So breathes his blasts this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

The complaint

The subtile Citty-women better learned,
 Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so:
 Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
 Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe;
 Tis warie walking that doth safliest goe.
 With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
 Babes are beguild with sweetes, and men with shewes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
 And let not honor from thy sports detract:
 Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparent,
 That those who see thy face can iudge the fact;
 Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
 And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefeest arte,
 For what we seeme each see, none knowes our hart.

The mighty who can with such sinnes dispence,
 In steed of shame doe honors great bestow:
 A worthy author doth redeeme th'offence,
 And makes the scarelet sinne as white as snowe.
 The Maiestie that doth descend so low,
 Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein:
 And being sacred, sanctifies the sin.

VVhat

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is olde,
 Thy beauty hath the more to worke vpon:
 Thy pleasures want shall be supply'd with gold.
 Cold age dotes most when the heate of youth is gone:
 Enticing words preuaile with such a one,
 Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
 For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt she leaues me in a doubt,
 VWhen loe began the combat in my blood:
 Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
 The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood;
 Small my defence to make my party good,
 Against such powers which were so surely layd,
 To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull mayde.

Treason was in my bones my selfe conspiring,
 To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sinne:
 Pure-blushing shame was euen in retiring,
 Leauing the sacred hold it glory'd in.
 Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
 When cleaner thoughts my weakenes can vpbray
 Against my selfe, and shame did force me say.

Ah

The complaint

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare,
 Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame:
 VVilt thou betray that honor held with care,
 T'intombe with black reproch a spotted name,
 Leauing thy blush the collours of thy shame.

Opening thy feete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
 Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust.

Nay first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
 And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead:
 Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
 Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed:
 Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled;

So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heyres,
 That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to inioy the ayre,
 Then that thou breath'st the breath of chastitie:
 Longer then thou preferu'st thy soule as faire
 As is thy face, free from impuritie:

Thy face that makes th'admired in euery eye:

Where natures care such rarities inroule,
 Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But

But what? he is my King and may constraîne me,
 Whether I yeeld or not I liue defamed:
 The world will thinke authority did gaine me,
 I shall be iudg'd hys loue, and so be shamed:
 We see the fayre condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
 And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,
 If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

What way is left thee then vnhappy Mayde,
 Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out
 Thys dreadfull danger, which thou seest is layd,
 Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
 Thy simple yeeres cannot resolue this doubt.
 Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
 But in despight some scandall will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,
 Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sinne:
 Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
 And glittering pompe my vanity did winne;
 When to excuse my fault my lusts beginne,
 And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
 That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

L.

So

The complaint

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,
 Could entertaine my course, hinder my way:
 VVhereat my rechlesse youth stooping to store me,
 Lost me the goale, the glory, and the day.
 Pleasure had set my wel-skould thoughts to play,
 And bade me vse the vertue of mine eyes,
 For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I traind from Court,
 To a solitarie Grange there to attend:
 The time the King should thether make resort,
 VVhere he loues long desired-worke should ende.
 Thether he daily messages doth send,
 vvith costly iewels orators of loue:
 vvhich (ah too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
 He greets me with a Casket richly wrought:
 So rare, that arte did seeme to striue with nature,
 T' expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought;
 The mistery whereof I prying sought.
 And found engrauen on the lidde aboute,
Amymone how she with Neptune stroue.

Amymone

Any mone old *Danaus* fayrest daughter,
 As she was fetching water all alone
 At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
 From whom she striu'd and struggled to be gone,
 Beating the ayre with cryes and pittious mone.
 But all in vaine, with him sh'is forc'd to goe:
 Tis shame that men should vse poore maydens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
 At those proude feete, not satif-fied with prayer:
 Wayling her heauy hap, cursing the day,
 In act so pittious to expresse dispaire:
 And by how much more greeu'd, so much more faire;
 Her teares vpon her cheekes poore carefull gerle,
 Did seeme against the sunne christall and peile.

Whose pure cleere streames, which loe so faire appeares,
 Wrought hotter flames, O myracle of loue,
 That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
 And makes neglected beauty mightier proue:
 Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue;
 To shew that nothing ill becomes the fayre,
 But cruelty, that yeeldes vnto no prayer.

The complaint

Thys hauing viewd, and therewith something moued,
 Figured I found within the other squares:
 Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
 In her affliction how she strangely fares,
 Strangely distress'd, (O beauty borne to cares)
 Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept wyth iealous eyes,
 Alwaies in danger of her hatefull spyes.

These presidents presented to my view,
 Wherein the presage of my fall was showne:
 Myght haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
 And others harmes haue made me shunne mine owne;
 But fate is not preuented though fore-knowne.
 For that must hap decreed by heauenly powers,
 Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing riser,
 Then miseries vnkend before they come:
 Who can the characters of chaunce discipher,
 Written in clowdes of our concealed dome?
 VVhich though perhaps haue beene reueald to some,
 Yet that so doubtfull as successe did proue them,
 That men must know they haue the heauens aboue the.

I saw the sinne wherein my foote was entring,
 I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
 I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,
 Yet had I not the powre for to defend it;
 So weake is sence when error hath condemn'd it.

We see what's good, and thereto we consent vs,
 But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent vs.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,
 Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere:
 Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnes,
 And dreadfull black, had dispossest'd the cleere,
 Com'd was the night, mother of sleepe and feare,
 Who with her sable mantle friendly couers,
 The sweet-stolne sports, of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When loe I ioyde my Louer, not my Loue,
 And felt the hand of lust most vndesired:
 Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
 Which yeeldes no mutuall pleasure when tis hyred.
 Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required,
 Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
 What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

The complaint

But soone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
 And sleepe seald vp his languishing desires:
 VVhen he turnes to hys rest, I to repenting,
 Into my selfe my waking thought retires:
 My nakednes had prou'd my senses liers.

Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein,
 For first we taste the fruite, then see our sin.

Now did I find my selfe vnparadis'd,
 From those pure fieldes of my so cleane beginning:
 Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
 My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning:
 Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.

For nature checks a new offence with lothing:
 But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes,
 And loue in him, incorporates such zeale:
 That icalosie increas'd with ages coldnes,
 Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale.
 Or doubting time his stealth might els reueale,
 H'is driuen to deuise some subtile way,
 How he might safeliest keepe so rich a pray.

A stately Pallace he forthwith did builde,
 Whose intricate innumerable waies,
 With such confused errors so beguil'd
 Th'vnguided enterrs with vncertaine straies,
 And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
 With bootlesse labor leading them about,
 Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
 That seru'd a Center to that goodly round:
 Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
 With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground.
 And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
 T'entertaine the sence of wanton eyes,
 Fuell of loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

Heere I inclos'd from all the world a sunder,
 The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace:
 The monster of fortune, and the worlds wonder,
 Liu'd cloystred in so desolate a case:
 None but the King might come into the place.
 With certaine maides that did attend my neede,
 And he himselfe came guided by a threed.

80.

The complaint

O Iealousie, daughter of enuy' and loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle Syer ;
Fostred with feares, thy Fathers ioyes t'improue,
Myrth-marring Monster, borne a subtile lyer ;
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire :
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Conducting trembling passions to our hart,
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euer-waking spy,
Pale hagge, infernall fury, pleasures smart,
Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part ;
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie :
The onely good that women hold so deare,
And turnst my freedome to captiuity,
First made a Prisoner, ere an enemy :
Enioynd the raunsome of my bodies shame,
VVhich though I paid could not redeeme the same.

What

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
 Then to inforce the faire to liue retired?
 For what is Beauty if it be not seene,
 Or what is't to be seene vnlesse admired?
 And though admyr'd, vnlesse in loue desired?
 Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,
 Or dayn'd to liue imprisond in a Chamber.

Nature created Beauty for the view,
 Like as the fire for heate, the Sunne for light:
 The Faire doe hold this priuiledge as due,
 By auncient Charter, to liue most in sight,
 And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
 In vaine our friends in this vse their dehorting,
 For Beauty will be where is most resorting.

Witnes the fayrest streetes that Thames doth visite,
 The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire:
 For what rare women deckt with beauty is it,
 That thether couets not to make repayre.
 The solitary Country may not stay her,
 Heere is the center of all beauties best,
 Excepting *Delia*, left to adorne the West.

M.

Heere

The complaint

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eyes,
 Contemplete beauty gloriously attired:
 And heerein all our chiefeſt glory lyes,
 To liue where we are prais'd and moſt deſired.
 O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
 Whiſt niggardly our fauours we diſcouer,
 We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer moued
 From Countrey ſafety, from the fields of reſt:
 To know the danger to be highly loued,
 And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
 Happy for me, better had I beene bleſt;
 If I vnluckily had neuer ſtraide:
 But liu'd at home a happy Country maide.

Whoe vnaffected innocencie thinks
 No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer:
 She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where ſhe drinks
 Doth ſerue her for her glaſſe, her counſell giuer:
 She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.

Her dayes are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
 True life that knowes not what's to die till death.

So

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate:
Nor had my name enrold with Maydes misled,
Which bought theyr pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taugt through my vnhappy fate,
Thys lesson which my selfe learnt with expence,
How most it hurts that most delights the sence.

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impiety will out, neuer so closely doone:
No walles can hide vs from the eyes of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednesse begun:
Forth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon.
And this is euer propper vnto Courts:
That nothing can be doone but Fame reports,

Fame doth explore what lyes most secrete hidden,
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller:
Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden,
Of truth and falshood both an equall teller:
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her,
The sword of iustice cannot cutte her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vtt'ring secrete things.

The complaint

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
 From her whom such a forfeit most concerned:
 The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale:
 That she the whole of all our practise learned,
 And watcht a tyme when least it was discerned,
 In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
 With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entred by that threed,
 That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord:
 Left there by chaunce, reseru'd for such a deede,
 Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord.
 Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,
 But flies with eger furie to my face,
 Offring me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelp,
 Runs fearcely raging through the woods astray:
 And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
 Furiously assaults what's in her way,
 To satisfie her wrath, not for a pray:
 So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
 As could disdain and iealousie deuise.

And

And after all her vile reproches vsed,
She forc'd me take the poyson she had brought:
To end the life that had her so abused,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No spightfull act that to reuenge is common:
For no beast fearcer then a iealous woman.

Those hands that beauties ministers had bin,
Must now giue death, that me adorn'd of late:
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in there-at.
That body which my lusts did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong,
So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.

The poyson soone disperc'd through all my vaines,
Had dispossest my liuing fences quite:
When naught respecting, death the last of paynes,
Plac'd his pale collours, the'nsigne of his might,
Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right;
Thence chanc'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

The complaint

And as conuaid t'vntimely funerals,
 My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay:
 Behold the King (by chaunce) returning, fals
 T' incounter with the same vpon the way,
 As he repaid to see his deereft ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
 To see his loue, and seeing beene vnscene.

Iudge those whom chaunce depriues of sweetest treasure,
 What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere:
 The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
 The sweet of life, that penetrates so neare.
 VVhat passions feelles that hart, inforc'd to beare
 The deepe impression of so strange a fight?
 Tongue, pen, nor arte, can neuer shew a right.

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,
 VVords had no passage, teares no issue found:
 For sorow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
 Confus'd affects each other doe confound:
 Oppress'd with griefe his passions had no bounde:
 Striving to tell hys woes, wordes would not come;
 For light cares speake, when mighty griefe, are dombe.

• At

At length extremitie breakes out away,
Through which th'imprisoned voice with teares attended,
Wayles out a sound that sorrowes doe bewray:
With armes a crosse and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighes that to the skyes ascended:
Sighes, the poore ease calamity affords,
Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

O heuens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold,
The hateful rayes of this vnhappy sonne?
VVhy haue I light to see my sinnes controld,
VVith blood of mine owne shame thus vildly donne?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon?
VVhy doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eyes my hart cannot abide?

What saw my life, wherein my soule might ioy?
What had my daies, whom troubles still afflicted?
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy,
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdicted:
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted.
This that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broyles, abroad in strife.

Vext.

The complaint

Vext still at home with broyles,abroade in strife,
 Dissention in my blood, iarres in my bed:
 Distrust at boord,suspecting still my life,
 Spending the night in horror, dayes in dred;
 Such life hath Tyrants,and thys life I led.

These myseries goe mask'd in glittering shewes,
 Which wisemen see,the vulgar lytle knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouer-whelme,
 He drawes him neere my body to behold it:
 And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
 With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it;
 And as he in hys carefull armes doth hold it,
 Viewing the face that euen death commends,
 On sencelesse lips, millions of kysses spends.

Pittifull mouth (quoth he) that liuing gauest;
 The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish:
 O be it lawfull now,that dead thou hauest,
 Thys sorrowing farewell of a dying kisse.
 And you faire eyes,containers of my blisse,
 Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer:
 Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinks I see death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in loues sweet place:
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And ougly death fits faire within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,
That death it selfe, doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beauty, oh receiue these plaints,
The obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For loe my soule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee.)
Hastens her speedy course to ouer-take thee.
He meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For ah what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule dooth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde:
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kind.
And after ages monuments shall find,
Shewing thy beauties title not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same.

N.

This

The complaint

This sayd, though more desirous yet to say,
 (For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
 He doth repressse what griefe would els bewray,
 Least that too much his passions might discouer:
 And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.
 So farre transported that he knowes not whether,
 For loue and Maiesty dwell ill together.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
 But doone with all the rites pompe could deuise:
 At *Godstow*, where my body was interred,
 And richly tomb'd in honorable wise.
 Where yet as now scarce any note descries
 Vnto these times, the memory of me,
 Marble and brasse so little lasting be.

For those walles which the credulous deuout,
 And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found:
 With willing zeale that neuer call'd in doubt,
 That time theyr works should euer so confound,
 Lye like confused heapes as vnder-ground.
 And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
 The wiser ages doe account as folly.

And

And vvere it not thy fauourable lynes,
 Re-edified the wrack of my decayes:
 And that thy accents willingly assignes,
 Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
 Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise.
 But thus renewd by fame, redeemes some time,
 Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then when confusion in her course shall bring,
 Sad desolation on the times to come:
 VVhen myrth-lesse Thames shal haue no Swan to sing,
 All Musique silent, and the Muses dombe.
 And yet euen then it must be known to some,
 That once they florisht, though not cherisht so,
 And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But heere an end, I may no longer stay thee,
 I must returne t'attend at *Stigian* flood:
 Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray thee,
 Tell *Delia* now her sigh may doe me good,
 And will her not the frailty of our blood.
 And if I passe vnto those happy banks,
 Then she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

92.

The complaint

So vanisht she, and left me to returne,
To prosecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,
But ah the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
Ile hide the rest, and grieve for what hath beene,
Who made me known, must make me liue vnscene.

FINIS.

